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1911



Drift

O'

Dreams

Kacine McCoskey



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Zellwille Bahn.



Santa Barbara Mission

*"At every Mission there were walled gardens
and waving palms"*

Drift O' Dreams

By

Racine McKoskey

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San Francisco, California

1911

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San Francisco, California

TO FELLOW DREAMERS

“ It is a question, whether it were not better to be the shabbiest of fools, and know the way up the little stair of imagination to the land of dreams, than the wisest of men who see nothing that the eyes do not show, and feel nothing that the hands may not touch.”

OLIVE SCHREINER.

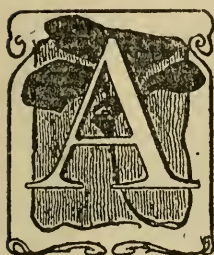
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THE GREAT FRANCISCANS AND THEIR WORK.

*“Like a dream they pass away, but the memory
will live forever.”*



ABOUT eighty miles north of Rome, in a singularly picturesque region of central Italy, built upon a steep hill, is situated the city of Assisi (As-se-ze). It is surrounded by a wall, flanked with towers, and overhung by lofty citadels in ruins. Assisi occupies the site of the ancient Roman city Assisium, and presents the remains of the forum, the baths and the aqueducts of the days of the Romans.

(1182.) It is the birthplace of St. Francis, who was the founder of the order of mendicants that bears his name, and the home of the first monastery, the Convento Sacro, a large and beautiful structure, and one of the earliest specimens of the Gothic style of architecture in Italy.

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The baptismal name of the saint was Giovanni, but his father, Pietro Bernardone, who was a rich merchant, gave him the surname of "Francisco" out of his predilection for France, with which country he had an extensive trade. His mother was of the noble family of Pica, and a woman of gentle piety and noble character.

Giovanni was well and carefully raised, and at the early age of fourteen was taken into business by his father. After ten years of the pursuit of business, well mixed with the social pleasures of the day, there came a time of deep meditation, and after long pondering he abandoned his old friends and haunts, and returning all his belongings, even to his clothing, to his father, he embraced a life of rigid penance and utter poverty.

His object was to lead a life as near as possible modeled after that of Christ, and by absolute renunciation of the world to attain evangelical perfection.

He retired to a grotto near Assisi and gave himself up to penance and profound meditation on the sufferings of Christ, for a long time.

Coming out again, he was filled with a great enthusiasm and happiness. It is recorded

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that during the months when St. Francis went up and down the streets of Assisi, carrying in his delicate, unused hands the stones for rebuilding the Saint Damian's chapel, he was continually singing psalms, breaking forth into ejaculations of gratitude, his face beaming as that of one who saw visions of unspeakable delight.

How much of the spirit or instinct of prophecy there might have been in his exultant joy, only he himself knew. But it would seem strange if there had not been vouchsafed to him some partial revelation of the splendid results which would follow the carrying out in the world of the divine impulses which had blazed up in his soul.

His austerities and simple eloquence soon attracted attention, and it was not long before others, drawn by his ardent example, sought to follow in his steps and join with him in his austere mode of life.

It is certain that very early in his career Francis had the purpose of founding an order, whose members, being utterly unselfish in life, should be fit heralds of God and mighty helpers of men.

His first companions were fellow townsmen,

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Bernard of Quintavalle, a rich and noble layman, and Peter of Catana, a canon of the cathedral.

After much entreaty the church gave its sanction to the "Seraphic's Saints" band of "Fratri Minores," or lesser brothers, and the organized work of the Franciscan Order began.

That was in the year 1208, and from then until now the Franciscans have been, in the literal sense of the word, "helpers of men."

Other orders of the Catholic Church have won more distinction in the way of learning, political power, marvelous suffering of penances and deprivations; but the record of the Franciscans is in the main a record of lives and work like the life and work of their founder.

The rule which St. Francis prescribed for his followers consisted of the gospel counsels of perfection, to which he added some things necessary to the uniformity of their manner of life.

He exhorts his brethren to manual labors, but will have them content to receive for it things necessary for life, not money. He bids them not to be ashamed to beg alms,

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remembering the poverty of Christ, and forbids them to preach in any place without the Bishop's license.

There were twenty-seven precepts in the rule laid down for the order, all of which were declared by several Pontiffs as binding on the friars of the order, under pain of mortal sin. They described the carrying out of the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience; regulated the dress to be worn; ordered that the friars go barefoot; specified feasts and enjoined a blind, unlimited obedience to superiors.

The habit he gave them was a dull grey gown of coarse cloth with a pointed capouch, or hood, one under tunic and drawers, and a cord around the waist. The costume closely resembled that worn by poor shepherds in that part of Italy. Among other things he said:—

“Let your behaviour in the world be such that everyone who sees or hears you may praise the Heavenly Father.”

“Preach peace to all; but have it in your hearts still more than on your lips.”

“Give no occasion of anger or scandal to any, but by your gentleness lead all men to goodness, peace and union.”

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“We are called to heal the wounded and recall the erring, for there are many who appear to you as limbs of the devil, who will one day be disciples of Jesus Christ.”

In 1210 St. Francis sought confirmation of his rule of the Sovereign Pontiff Innocent III. At first he rejected the saint's petition and St. Francis humbly withdrew to solitary prayer. That night the Pontiff dreamed of a palm springing up at his feet that waxed until it became a great tree. The impression grew vividly upon him that the palm signified the poor petitioner, so he ordered search made for him and he was found and brought. The Pope declared that he had seen the Lateran Basilica falling and held up by one despised man who set his back against the wall and propped it. “Truly,” said he, “here is that man who by his work and teachings will sustain the Church of Christ.”

Some years later St. Francis drew up the rule in more compendious form, and it was solemnly ratified by Honorius III. in 1223. The sanction of Innocent III. in 1210 had been a verbal assent.

Upon the death of St. Francis in 1226, the next Minister-General of the entire Order was

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Elias of Cortona, an ambitious, restless, tyrannical man. He relaxed some of the stern rules, and controversy arose and the order was divided into Conventionals and Observantines. As the names imply, the Conventionals accept the lighter rules and conventions while the Observantines held to the first rigorous rules.

No Order of the Church has surpassed the zeal of the Franciscans, and to them much credit for the discovery of America must be given, as Fray John Perez de Marchena, guardian of a convent near Seville and a learned cosmographer, entered warmly into the plans of Columbus and greatly influenced Queen Isabella, whose confessor he had been, to fit out the expedition of 1492. Within a year or two Fray John himself came to America and opened the first Christian church in the new world, at a small settlement in Hayti. As early as 1342, or one hundred and fifty years before the discovery of America, the guardianship of the Holy Places in Jerusalem was committed to the Order, and they still retain it.

* * * * *

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Among the treasures of the Franciscan College of Santa Barbara, is an old daguerreotype, taken from a portrait painted more than one hundred years ago at the College of San Fernando, in Mexico.

The face is one, once seen, never to be forgotten; full of spirituality, tenderness and unutterable pathos. The mouth and chin are delicately sensitive, the forehead and eyes strong, radiant with quenchless purpose, but filled with that solemn, yearning, almost superhuman sadness which is the sign and seal on the faces of men born to die for the sake of their fellows. It is the face of Father Junipero Serra, the first founder of Franciscan Missions in South California. There is a notable likeness between the face of Father Junipero and that of St. Francis. The small and delicate features, the broad forehead and the expression of great tenderness, are the same in both. But the saint had a joyousness that his illustrious follower never knew.

He was born of lowly people, in the island of Majorca in 1712, and while he was yet a little child sang in the choir of the Convent of San Bernardino.

He was but sixteen when he entered the

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Franciscan order and before he was eighteen he had taken the final vows. On becoming a monk he laid aside his baptismal name of Michael Joseph and took the name of Junipero, after that quaintest and drollest of all St. Francis' early companions.

At the time when Junipero Serra entered the Majorca convent three other young monks were studying there — Palou, Verger and Crespi. The four became intimate and affectionate companions and this friendship had much to do with the success of the great enterprise in which afterwards they jointly labored, and to which even in their student days, they looked forward with passionate longing.

New Spain was, from the beginning, the goal of their most ardent wishes, and at last, after long years of delays and monastic routine, in 1749 there assembled at Cadiz a great body of missionaries destined chiefly for Mexico, and Palou and Serra received permission to join the band. Arriving at Cadiz and finding two vacancies left in the party, they warmly pleaded that Crespi and Verger be allowed to go also. At the last moment this permission was given, and the four friends set sail, joyful,

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in the same ship. The voyage to Vera Cruz lasted ninety-nine days and was full of great trials; starvation threatened and storms beat the ship, but through it all Father Junipero's courage never failed.

For nineteen years after their arrival in Mexico, Serra and his companions were kept at work there, under the guidance and control of the College of San Fernando, in founding Missions and preaching.

On the suppression of the Jesuit Order in 1767 and the consequent expulsion from all the Spanish dominions, it was decided to send a body of Franciscans to take charge of the Jesuit Missions in California. These were all in Lower California, no attempt at settlement having yet been made in Upper California. Once more, the friends, glad and exultant, joined a missionary band bound to new wildernesses. There were but three now, Verger remaining behind in charge of the College of San Fernando. The band numbered sixteen and Serra was put in charge of it and was appointed President of all the California Missions.

It was now the purpose of Spain to proceed as soon as possible with the colonization of

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Upper California. In those days the passion of the Church allied itself gladly with the purpose of the State, and the latter had many statesmen and soldiers of fervid religion. Such a one was Joseph de Galvez, who held the office of Visator-General and Commander, representing the person of the King, and inspecting the workings of the Government in every province of the Spanish empire. Upon him rested the responsibility of the practical organization of the first expedition into Upper California. It was he who ordered the carrying of all sorts of seeds, of vegetables, grains and flowers; everything that would grow in Old Spain he ordered planted in the New. He ordered that two hundred head of cattle should be taken from the northernmost Mission of Lower California and carried to the new posts. He also packed with his own hands sacred ornaments and vessels for church ceremonies.

His activity, enthusiasm and generosity were inexhaustible and he had humor as well, for when discussing the names of Missions to be founded, Father Junipero said to him, "But is there to be no Mission for our Father St. Francis?", he replied, "If

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St. Francis wants a Mission let him show us his post and we will put one there for him."

This first expedition into California was divided into two parts, one to go by sea and one by land; the sea party in two ships, the land party in two divisions. Every possible provision and precaution was thought of by the wise Galvez, but nothing could prevent the journey from being a terribly hard one. Junipero, with his characteristic ardor, insisted on accompanying one of the land parties, although he suffered from an old wound on the leg, and the second day out he was helpless. Portola, the military commander of the party, begged him to be carried in a litter, but this he could not brook, so he called a muleteer to him and told him to consider him as one of his beasts and treat him accordingly. The muleteer then mixed herbs and applied them with such good results that the Father could proceed on his journey the next day.

They had set out on their journey on March 24th, and it was not until the 13th of May that they reached the high ground and had their first view of the Bay of San Diego and saw the masts of the ships lying at anchor

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there. As soon as the San Diego camp was reached great joy filled every heart. The friars who had come by sea ran to meet and embrace their brethren.

Six weeks later the second land party with Junipero Serra arrived, eager to proceed to the establishment of the Mission. Sickness delayed this until on the 16th of July, 1769, a cross was raised, mass was sung in a rude booth of branches and reeds ; for want of an organ firearms were discharged ; and thus was founded the Mission of San Diego and the laying of the corner stone of the civilization of California.

Only two days after this the indefatigable Father Crespi with Portola set out on another overland march to find Monterey, but were unsuccessful and after much suffering returned to San Diego after over six months of toil and hardship.

On the 24th of March, 1770, the supply ship from Mexico arrived and in a few weeks expeditions were ready to search for the hidden Monterey. Father Crespi led the land party and arrived at the Point of Pines seven days before the ships arrived with Junipero, still enfeebled from illness, on board.

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The next day the parties met amid great rejoicing, and on June 3, 1770, they took possession in the name of the Church and the King, planting the cross and the royal standard side by side in the sand on the same spot where Viscayno with the Carmelite friars had landed one hundred and sixty-seven years before.

The history of the next fifteen years is one of struggle, hardship and heroic achievement. Father Serra was the mainspring and support of it all. There seemed no limit to his endurance or bound to his desires; nothing daunted his courage or chilled his sublime faith.

There were nine missions founded by him before his death in 1784. In order: San Diego in 1769; San Carlos de Monterey June 3, 1770; San Antonio de Padua July 14, 1771; San Gabriel September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo September 1, 1772; San Francisco de Assisi October 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano November 1, 1776; Santa Clara January 18, 1777; and San Buena Ventura March 3, 1782.

The records of the founding of the Missions are similar in detail, but are full of interest to one of sympathy either with their spiritual or historical significance.

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At the Mission San Antonio, which was one of the richest and most repaying, was a curious mill in which flour was ground. It was run by water brought in a stone-walled ditch for many miles and driven against a large wheel through a funnel-shaped flume. It was entirely the work of an Indian named Nolberto, and made the Mission famous for the best flour made in the new country.

The Indians of San Gabriel seem to have been a superior race. They spoke a soft, musical language and had many usages of politeness, such as "a child bringing water to an elder must not touch it," and that "to pass between two persons who were speaking was an offence." They also played games in which they decked themselves with flowers, and had song contests which often lasted many days.

The San Carlos Mission at Monterey was Father Junipero's own charge. There he spent all his time when not called away by his duties as President of the Missions. It was there he died and was buried. There also his beloved friend and brother, Father Crespi, labored by his side for thirteen years. Almost with his dying breath Father Junipero

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had promised to use "all his influence with God" in behalf of the Missions. In the next four months there were so many converts that the belief became common that his soul had passed directly into heaven and that the great wave of conversions was the result of his prayers. Prosperity continued steadily to increase.

The rule of the friars was in the main a kindly one. The vice of drunkenness was severely punished by flogging. Quarrelling between husbands and wives was also dealt with summarily. The offending parties were chained together by the leg until they were glad to promise to keep peace.

At every Mission there were walled gardens with waving palms, sparkling fountains, groves of olive trees, broad vineyards and orchards of all manner of fruits.

In a comparatively short time the good friars had transformed savages into masons, carpenters, plasterers, soap-makers, tanners, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, millers, bakers, cooks, brick-makers, carters and cart-makers, weavers and spinners, saddlers, ship-hands, agriculturalists, herdsmen and vintagers.

In all the Missions were buildings on a large

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scale, providing for hundreds of occupants for all the necessary trades and manufactures and many of the ornamental arts of civilized life. Enormous tracts of land were under high cultivation; the grains and cool fruits of the temperate zone flourished side by side by the palm, olive, grape, fig, orange and pomegranate.

From the two hundred head of cattle sent by the wise Galvez, had grown herds past numbering; and to these had been added vast flocks of sheep and herds of horses. In the nineteen Missions were gathered over twenty thousand Indians, leading regular and industrious lives and conforming to the rules of the Church.

The friars were forced, on account of their situation, into the exercise of a constant and abounding hospitality, and this they discharged most royally. Travelers rooms were kept always ready in every Mission. He was served with the best of wine and food as long as he would stay, and when he left was offered a fresh horse to continue his journey. All the California travelers and voyagers speak in glowing terms of this generous and cordial treatment of the friars.

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Did you ever pause to think what a difference there was a hundred years ago between the atmosphere of life on the east and west sides of the American continent? On the Atlantic shore the descendants of the Puritans, weighed down by serious purpose, half grudging the time for their one staid yearly Thanksgiving and driving the Indians farther and farther into the wilderness every year, fighting and killing them; on the sunny Pacific shore the merry people of Mexican and Spanish blood, troubling themselves about nothing, dancing away whole days and nights like children, while their priests were gathering the Indians by thousands into communities and feeding and teaching them. Mission after Mission had been founded until, in 1804, the line extended from San Diego to San Francisco, and comprised nineteen Missions, an easy day's journey apart from each other.

The ten new Missions were founded in the following order: Santa Barbara December 4, 1786; La Purissima Concepcion December 8, 1787; Santa Cruz September 25, 1791; Soledad October 9, 1791; San Jose June 11, 1797; San Juan Bautista June 24, 1797; San Miguel July 25, 1797; San Fernando Rey

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September 8, 1797; San Luis Rey de Francia June 18, 1798; and Santa Inez, September 7, 1804. Beginnings had also been made on a second line to be from thirty to fifty miles back from the sea, and this inland chain of settlements and development promised to be in no way inferior to the first.

The wealth of the Mission establishments had grown to an almost incredible degree. In several of them massive stone churches had been built, of an architecture at once so simple and harmonious that even in ruins it is today the grandest in America; and it will remain, so long as arch, pillar, or dome of it shall stand, a noble and touching monument of the patient Indian workers who built, and of the devoted friars who designed, its majestic and graceful proportions.

The Mission of San Rafael Arcangel was founded December 14, 1817, in the beautiful spot where the city of San Rafael now stands, but not a trace remains save one or two old pear trees planted by the fathers.

On July 4, 1823, the Mission of San Francisco de Solano was founded by Padre Altamira. It was the twenty-first and the last of the great chain of California Missions, the

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like of which is not to be found elsewhere in the world. Its beautiful gardens are obliterated, its great bells gone, and it is fast decaying. These last two missions were founded too late to attain any great success or importance. With the increase of wealth, success and power of the Missions, came troubles with the military settlements. In the beginning there were no grants of land; everything was done by Eoyal Decree.

The Mission affairs, literally, were administered with admirable simplicity and system. The soul of the plan was "the minimum of functionaries with the maximum of responsibility." The soldiers were sent avowedly to protect the friars, but by 1800 it had become the duty of the Missions to support the Presidios, the military governors being authorized to draw upon the friars not only for supplies but for contributions of money and for levies of laborers. In the years between 1801 and 1810 the Missions furnished the Presidios about eighteen thousand dollars worth of supplies. In the year 1820 the outstanding drafts on the Government in favor of the Missions amounted to four hundred thousand dollars. By now the Spanish government was impatient to see

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carried out, and to reap the benefit of, the pueblo feature of its colonization plan.

This meant the forming of the Indian communities of the Missions into pueblos, or towns, the Missions to be secularized, that is, turned into curacies, the pueblo being the parish. This was no doubt the wise and proper ultimate scheme, but it came prematurely. This was set forth in sounding phrase as purely for the Indians' benefit, that they might become citizens of towns; but it was more for Spain, since by its provisions one-half of the Mission lands were to be sold for the payment of Spain's national debt.

Affairs grew more and more unsettled. Spanish viceroys and Mexican insurgents took turns at ruling in Mexico, and the representatives of each took turns at ruling in California. During three years the secularization project was continually agitated. At last in 1834 the final blow fell on the Missions. The Governor of California, on instructions from Mexico, issued an authoritative edict for their secularization. The friars were to hand over all records and inventories, lands, movable property, property of all classes to stewards or administrators appointed. Dwinelle goes on

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to say: "The laws were executed in such a manner that the so-called secularization of the Missions resulted in their plunder and complete ruin and in the demoralization and dispersion of the christianized Indians."

In 1834 there were, at the lowest estimates, 20,000 Indians in the Missions: De Mofra's statistics gives the number at 30,620; in 1840 there were left, all told, 6,000. In comparison, for these same six years the number of cattle, horses, sheep and mules fell from 808,000 to 6,320. Under the new regime the friars suffered hardly less than the Indians. Some fled the country, unable to bear the humiliations and hardships of their positions under the major-domos.

Among this number was Father Peyri, who had been for over thirty years in charge of the splendid Mission of San Luis Rey. In 1829 it had 2686 Indians, 20,000 head of cattle and 20,000 head of sheep. It controlled 200,000 acres of land and there were raised in its fields in one year 3000 bushels of wheat, 6000 bushels of barley and 10,000 bushels of corn. No other Mission had so fine a church. It was one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty feet wide and sixty high, with walls four feet

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thick. The tower had a belfry for eight bells. The corridor on the opposite side had two hundred and fifty-six arches. Its gold and silver ornaments are said to have been superb. Father Azagomas of San Luis Obispo, Father Gutierrez of San Antonio, and Father Sarria of Soledad Mission, were soldiers of the cross who remained with their Indian charges till death freed them from their sufferings.

For ten years after the Secularization Act affairs went steadily from bad to worse. In March, 1846, Governor Pico was authorized by the President of Mexico to sell the Missions to raise money to defend the country against the United States. This he did at illegal sales and for insignificant sums. On the 7th of July, 1846, the American flag was raised at Monterey and formal possession of California was taken by the United States. Then after being held in abeyance for years, the church, Mission buildings and small parcels of land, were returned into the unalienable possession of the Catholic Church. The Mission property, the large tracts of land cultivated for the community's purpose, it was decided, must be considered as government property. The Santa Barbara Mission is still in the

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charge of Franciscans, the only one remaining in their possession. It stands three miles from the beach, on high ground back of the town and looking to the sea. It is an everlasting benediction to the city. About thirty miles to the north lies the most desolate ruin of all the Missions. Poor La Purissima! Founded by one of the ables padres — Lausen — it seemed claimed by adversity. Almost totally destroyed by the earthquake of 1812, it was rebuilt, and later badly damaged by the Indians in 1824. Nothing is left now but a long, low adobe building in desolate ruins. Here, too, some old pear trees are to be found, which stretch out gaunt and shriveled boughs which still bear a few pinched little blossoms.

At San Juan Bautista there lingers more of the atmosphere of the olden time than is to be found in any other place in California. The Mission church is well preserved and its grounds are enclosed and cared for. In its garden the roses and vines still grow in the shelter of ancient palms. The church fronts south, on a little green, locust-walled plaza, the sleepest, sunniest, dreamiest place in the world. In 1825 there were spoken at this

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Mission thirteen different Indian dialects. The Mission San Francisco De Assisi, in San Francisco, is also in an excellent state of preservation. Its grounds are narrowed down, by the modern world, to the small cemetery on the south side, but services are held regularly, and it presents a sharp contrast in durability of material and construction to the new church, which was completely destroyed in the earthquake and fire of 1906. A worthy and admirable work is the recent placing of Mission bell sign posts along the Camina Real, and it is to be hoped that the people of today may and *will* awake to a tardy realization of the grand work of the pioneers of California. For such were the Franciscan fathers in the truest sense of the word. They were men of pure character, of superior talent and morals, of greatest unselfishness and untiring energy. For these good and devoted men, who with such wisdom, sagacity and self-sacrifice, reared these wonderful institutions in the wilderness of California we can but feel the greatest love and reverence. It is surely our duty to learn all we can of their wonderful achievement and to perpetuate in every possible way the glory of their names.

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AN INDIAN LAMENT.

The day is done. Across the plain
The evening shadows slowly creep;
And twilight flings her violet robe
To lull the weary earth to sleep.

The birds fly homeward to the nest,
Crooning a lullaby to the day;
Faint voices of the evening wake
And softly on my heart-strings play.

As in a dream, I see once more
The lordly chiefs in council sit.
I hear again their voices chant
Our legends old — by firelight lit.

Their words of council — wisely given —
Come echoing back o'er barren years.
Alas! The pledge was unfulfilled
And faith has given place to fears.

The God-given lands are ours no more,
Our people scattered far and wide;
The fleet deer and the buffalo
No longer speed our chase beside.

AN INDIAN'S LAMENT

An ancient race of nature's men
Has fallen to a low estate.
And answering my protesting cry,
The chill of evening wails, "Too late."

I fold my arms on the aching breast,
I turn my face to the setting sun.
I wait in patience the call to rest,
'Tis the Father's will. The day is done.



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IN YEARS TO COME.

In years to come! What a mystic phrase!
With wonder we think of those future days.
We clothe that time with our dearest dreams,
Our fondest hopes, till at last there gleams
Our ideal bright and clear.

One longs for a name renowned and great,
And to win this crown he wars with fate.
Hope in his heart for those future years,
Guides him safely through toil and fears
Like a beacon light afar.

Another dreams of a quiet nest
Far away with one his heart loves best.
The aching brain by a sweet voice lulled.
The tired eyes rested by roses culled
In a twilight garden fair.

The sailor dreams as he rides the foam
Of the bonny lass who waits at home.
Of the time at last, with a guerdon won,
Home from the treacherous sea he'll come
To claim his own fair bride.

IN YEARS TO COME

In the city one toils from early morn
With patient courage, till set of sun;
With steadfast hope that the future brings
Him the joy of travel,— the bird that sings
 Bravely within his heart.

And oft there lives in a mansion grand,
With luxuries on every hand,
An empty heart: that would gladly give
All wealth, but a little while to live
 In the realm of love's content.

Tell me, oh future years to come,
Do you bring at last the wanderer home?
Will the plaudits of a famous name
Ring out for him who longs for fame,
 And strives so hard to win?

My heart goes out to him who dreamed
Of the quiet nest,— so sweet it seemed.
Will he find the roses he loved so well?
And will Love the old, old story tell
 At last, to that empty heart?

Beyond today we may not know,
But the stars each night in the heavens glow.
And faith that our dreams come true, at last,
Shall guide our bark though the waves sweep fast
 On life's tempestuous sea.

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A PROPHECY.

Last night in the midst of a peaceful sleep
A vision came to me —
And I beheld a happy throng
Marching in harmony.

Sometimes the road was smooth and straight,
Sometimes over stony lands.
Then the stronger turned and helped the weak,
With eager outstretched hands.

Each beautiful act brought its own reward,
Each kind, unselfish word
Spoken to a faltering one,
On the echo, afar was heard.

Then I knew that the dream was a prophesy,
That a message had been sent,
To each and every one of us
That our lives be wisely spent.

That we march courageously on and up,
Toward a shining goal,
Striving to be broad, and true,
And helping, with heart and soul.

A PROPHECY

Let us have, like a beacon on a hill,
An Ideal, — clear and bright.
Then steadfastly climb toward it
With helping hands — left and right.

Forgetful of self, let us each attempt
Something that is worth while.
Let us be large in thought and deed,
And generous in word and smile.

Remember, he who gives most away
The richer is by far;
And the soul that sees not another's fault,
Has Heaven for its guiding star.

And now I dream of another throng,
Of lofty ideals the same;
The bright club women of today,
All honor to their name.

DRIFT O' DREAMS

FRIENDSHIP.

(To Hattie.)

I wandered along in a listless way
Grown tired of the dusty road.
The hills that at morn had looked so fair
Seemed my weary eyes to goad.

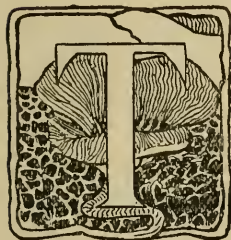
The flowers had wilted from mid-day heat,
And life seemed a joyless dream
When, all unlooked-for beside my path,
Shone a beautiful jewel's gleam.

I stooped to gather the gem so rare,
And into my bosom thrust
With boundless joy — this precious find,
A friend that I could trust.



ONE HOUR IN A THOUSAND YEARS.

"A duty fulfilled is the only peace."



O the busy, rushing, modern world I am only a beautiful jewel. I admit being one of the favorite gems, and that, even to these thoughtless ones of today, I sometimes bring a hint of mystery. Yet how little they understand! But the Wise Man of the East would hold me tenderly in his hand and tell you — with pity for your shallow knowledge in his deep, calm eyes — that every opal is an imprisoned soul, to which comes an hour of freedom once in a thousand years.

If Love, or Friendship, or Loyalty, or in the words of the Eastern poet, "the one most dear" has stood the test of time, finding her, the soul will remain forever free.

On the other hand, if the hour's search reveals not such constancy, truth and faithfulness, the soul must return to its prison again.

* * * * *

DRIFT O' DREAMS

I am filled with a longing so great it is almost a mortal pain. As the midnight hour draws near it seems as if each second lengthened itself purposely, to test my strength of endurance. But the great law is inexorable, and everything passes — even time. With an inner trembling I remember that they say Love passes too; but that I cannot believe! No, even Time cannot conquer Love! Is not the fervor of my own heart proof enough of this? Now, as I look back, I can forgive the endless years of waiting wherein was no thought but of the hour when I should be free, to flee to Her. Mortals deem my prison cell very beautiful. I am surrounded by earth's most precious gems — pure glittering diamonds.

A gentle lady holds me dear and has given me, for many years, her care and affection. This has been to me like a cool, sustaining breeze to the fevered brow of a fainting traveler. Indeed I think she understands. Her soul has oft communed with mine, over the hedge of life's trivialities, and the communion has been sweet. She is so gentle and dear, at times I almost shink — but hark! at last the bells! one second more and I shall be free!

* * * * *

ONE HOUR IN A THOUSAND YEARS

Oh, the glorious expanse of the starlit sky!
The exquisite joy of stretching again the long
cramped wings! The fresh, sweet night air,
and the unutterable joy of freedom in your
heart! There is no question of the way—
just straight to Her, and finding Her true and
faithful, there will never be for me the prison
cell again.

* * * * *

I have hunted far without finding a trace
of the “one most dear”. Everything is
changed, and I am *so* weary. Yet my hour
of liberty flies quickly by. I know not which
way to turn! Something seems to draw me,
as in a circle, back to the beginning of my
flight. Oh, for a word of guidance!

Then a heavenly calm falls over me and a
voice whispers in my ear:—

“Thy ‘one most dear’ is a prisoner also.
Had thy thoughts been less of self thou
wouldst have known how very near to thee
she was.”

“Thy prison cell is thy duty. Fulfilling
that duty, thou shalt have peace. Strength-
ening thy faith, thou shalt see clearly. For-
getting thyself, great reward shall be thine.”

* * * * *

DRIFT O' DREAMS

I am ready, nay, anxious to go back!

I await the toll of the bell! When the gentle lady looks long and earnestly into my heart again, I shall better understand. I shall know that our souls are very near. That soon, a thousand years, or but a day—it matters not—duty will be fulfilled and we shall be one through all eternity.

Till then, I will wait content; knowing that love is true, that a duty fulfilled is the only peace, and that our souls, though often faint, can never die.





AN UNINVITED GUEST.

"To hesitate is to lose — always."



Y first consciousness was of some disturbing element — something vague — intruding itself upon me, and against which I rebelled, for my sleep had been deep and refreshing and the darkness told me it must still be quite early. So I nestled down a little closer among the warm covers and tried to drift away again. But it was useless. For now I could distinctly hear a gentle but persistent tapping at the entrance of my thoughts. Resignedly I rouse myself, and cautiously opened the door, and there, close to the portals a chubby little fellow stood, smiling up at me.

It was His Thought — I recognized him instantly. In the second's hesitation, the moment of mental conflict between the strange wish to call him in and the certain knowledge that he was a bold intruder and without any right to enter, he toddled by me

DRIFT O' DREAMS

and with a winsome glance stood in the very center of the sanctuary, expectantly looking up at me.

He was so small in the big, bare room that had been so long untenanted! And yet he had brought with him such a glow of warmth and happiness that I drew quickly back that I might — just for a moment — watch him unobserved. There was also a feeling of guilt. I should never, never have allowed him to come in; and now nothing remained but to put him out again.

But how? To hesitate is to lose — always.

When I looked again he was no longer alone! My Thought was there with him, hand in hand, and they were as contented and care free as two butterflies in the sunshine. My reasoning material self seemed to shrink and fade away, and the power to act was suspended; I could only remain motionless and watch.

Then, without a thought, they clambered all over my choice conventionalities, pulled down my ancient rules and precepts and scattered my well kept regulations all over the floor. They nibbled greedily of my treasured sweets, then ruthlessly soiled my keepsakes,

AN UNINVITED GUEST

leaving marks Time will be long in effacing. And through it all they were amazingly happy! I could have gasped, only the fascination of what was happening held me noiseless. How My Thought had stolen from me I could never tell; but since she had joined the little "poacher", the pair boldly ruined my best intentions, disarming me with their foolish happiness.

Suddenly a noise of the outer world brings a realization that the regular routine of life must be taken up again. With a start I catch up My Thought, and giving her a cruel little shake, I crush her back of will and duty, and bundle His Thought out into the cold and close the door quickly.

But not so quickly but that he had time to turn his curly head and flash up at me a taunting smile which told me, only too plainly, that he knew the way and might come again.

And since there is no denying he has a confederate still on the inside, I stand and hold the door, not knowing——

DRIFT O' DREAMS

THE BORDER GATE.

I seem to stand on a rugged crest,
A place where three trails meet.
With backward glance I can trace the path
I climbed with youth's brave feet.

There are many spots where the sun shone bright
Some, too, with lonesome shade,
And some where storms beat cruelly
Before these heights were made.

'Twas good that youth was with me then,
'Twere a sad attempt made now.
I turn my face to the future place
Nor thoughts of the past allow.

Down the second path as I shield my eyes
And look toward life's setting sun,
There hangs a mist of uncertainty
To pass, ere the journey's done.

Then there comes a murmur to my ears,
Like the song of a summer sea,
And I know, before my soul admits —
That the third trail calls to me.

THE BORDER GATE

Like distant music on breezes borne,
Or a half-glimpse of beauties rare,
Comes the longing to fathom the beyond,
To slip from this world of care.

The rustling leaves a summons bring,
The shadows beckon a hand.
And I long through the border gate to swing,
Into the unknown land.



DRIFT O' DREAMS

CLOSING THE CLUB YEAR.

Another year! So much it means
Either of progress or decay.
For in our busy rushing world
There is no "standing still" today.

Each one must march with lifted face
Toward the higher spheres, that call;
Or careless, lagging, lose the race,
And slow decay, like crumbling wall.

The bright club-women here today,
Have heard the call, and eager rise
The heights to climb, the truth to prove:
Success in earnest effort lies.

So let us in the coming year,
New victories win,—new heights attain.
"On every mountain-top is rest"
Each cross is given a crown to gain.







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